

Whatever you Do, part 1

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Category: Diagnosis Murder
Genre: Romance
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-01-31 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-01-31 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:49:22
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,070
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Tanis/Steve Romance

Whatever you Do, part 1

Disclaimer- okay, none of the characters are mine, I'm just wrting this for fun, not makng any money.

Comment-Some of you might recenize the titile as a Shania Twain song, after I started writing this story, I figured the song fit pretty good. If you'd like the words, email me or tell me in the comments. If enough people want them, I'll pu them up here.

This is my first attempt at fanfic, so feedback would be nice!

Whatever You Do Steve Sloan swatted a mosquito that had landed on his arm. "I hate mosquitoes." He was sitting on the deck with his dad, Dr. Mark Sloan, and his friends, Jesse Travis and Amanda Bentley. "Hey a mosquito helped us solve a case once," Jesse piped up. "Remember, with Det. Archer?" This question was directed at Amanda.

"Yes, Jesse, I remember that," Amanda answered patiently, like she was talking to an over-eager child. Steve smiled. He'd heard about that case. He had been busy undercover at the time. But he remembered Tanis Archer, though. Like he could forget her. She'd been his partner for a long time. But over a year and a half ago, she'd moved to Colorado to help her dad, who had Alzheimer's.

"Steve?" Jesse was waving his hand in front of Steve's face and looking at him strangely.

"Cut it out Jess," Steve pushed his hand away.

"Just making sure you're still with us," Jesse said, grinning. "Okay, cut it out you two," Mark, always the peacemaker interjected. He

slapped at a mosquito. "Maybe we should go inside. The mosquitoes are getting pretty bad."

"Fine by me," agreed Amanda. They all got up and headed into the house.

Next Morning Steve sat at his desk at the precinct. He was going over a file and his whole concentration was on it. "You guys certainly haven't changed much around here," a voice came from in front of his desk.

Steve snapped his head up and did a double take when he saw the person in front of his desk. "Tanis?!" he asked incredulously. "What are you doing here?" He got up from his desk.

Tanis grinned at him. What kind of welcome is that? What happened to 'Hi Tanis how are you?'"

He shook his head. "I just didn't expect to see you." He smiled and reached out to shake her hand. "How are you? Is that better?"

She shook his hand. " I'm pretty good, actually. I'm moving back here."

Steve's eyebrows shot up. "Really? Why? I mean, that's great but what's the reason?"

Her grin faded slightly. "Well, my dad died. And there were too many memories back there. Besides, I missed the beach." Her smile returned.

Steve chuckled. "I've got my job back here," she continued. "But the Chief said I could hang out with you for a few days, and get used to things again."

Steve rolled his eyes in mock exasperation. "You mean I have to work with you?" he said teasingly.

"Yes, it does, and you will enjoy it!"

"Yes ma'am!" Steve saluted and Tanis rolled her eyes.

"In the mean time, how about getting some lunch and catching up on the past few years?" Tanis suggested.

"I'd love it. Let me grab my coat."

A Little While Later, In a Caf   by the Ocean

"This is pretty good," Tanis remarked as she took a bit of her sandwich.

"Not as good as Bob's," Steve stood up for his restaurant.

"Of course." She smiled and they both laughed.

Steve took a good look at her. He'd almost forgotten how pretty she was. Or how her eyes sparkled when she laughed. Or ok where was he going with this? She was just his friend. And just because he hadn't seen her in a while didn't mean anything had changed. No matter how

much he wanted it to. Not that he did, he tried to convince himself. He realized he wasn't paying attention and brought himself back to the present. "So how was Colorado?"

Tanis sighed. To tell you the truth, I didn't like it too much. But my dad needed me. I missed you guys." She smiled at Steve. He couldn't help smiling back.

"Well, we missed you too." Especially me, he wanted to add.

Tanis sighed to herself. She'd missed him more than she cared to admit. And it was great to see him again. They had a lot of memories. She smiled thinking about it. She looked him over. He looked good. Of course, he always had. She wondered what it would be like to kiss him. Okay, she reprimanded herself, that train of thought had gone more than a little too far. She pushed those thoughts to the back of her mind. They'd both just about finished eating.

"Are you working on a case now?" Tanis questioned.

"I am, actually. Someone's always getting killed around here."

She chuckled. "That's LA all right. So, are you going to give me the details?" Steve cleared his throat. "Well, I'm pretty sure Danny Gibbons killed his wife, Robin. I just have to prove it."

Tanis nodded. "What evidence do you have?"

"Well, not too much. Robin's friends say she thought he was having an affair. And she was afraid of him. I'm going to talk to him tomorrow morning. I'm picking up the autopsy report from Amanda today, so that might give us some hard evidence."

Tanis smiled to herself. He was already back to using 'us'. "So can I come with you? I'd like to say hi to everyone, too."

"Sure, Steve replied. "Then I have to head home. Amanda and Jesse are coming over for dinner." He raised his eyebrows. " You can come too, if you want."

"Lunch and dinner! Maybe I should move away more often!"

Steve shot her a sarcastic grin. "Ha ha."

"We'd better get going, then. I have to pick some stuff up from the station, and get the autopsy report from Amanda."

Later, at the hospital.

Steve and Tanis walked into the Pathology Lab. Amanda looked up from the file in her hands. "Hi" Her eyes widened. "Tanis what are you doing here?"

Tanis rolled her eyes at Steve. He smiled and shrugged. Amanda looked from one to the other. "Did I miss something?"

"No," Tanis replied. "My dad died. I'm moving back here, and working with Steve for a while until I get used to everything again."

Amanda nodded. "It's good to see you again." She remembered the file in her hand and looked down at it. "Not too much here, I'm afraid. Robin Gibbons was stabbed in the heart. The knife was apparently from her kitchen, her fingerprints were on it." She handed him the file.

Tanis looked over Steve's shoulder. He tried to ignore the fact that he was very aware that she was almost touching him. "Were her husband's print on it?"

"Yes, but if it were from their kitchen, that doesn't mean a lot." Steve sighed. "You're right. Time of Death was early morning?"

"Uh huh. Probably around 9 or 10." Steve sighed again, and rubbed his forehead. "What's wrong?" Tanis asked.

"Well, Danny Gibbons is a teacher. He has classes all day, so I was hoping he could have killed her during lunch, or before school. But lunch is at 12:30, and school starts at 7:15."

"And you're sure he was there all day?" Amanda spoke up.

"Yep, and he taught all of his classes. "He threw his hands in the air. "I don't know. I'll talk to him tomorrow, and the principal of the school he works at."

Amanda nodded. "Well, good luck."

"I think that's our cue to leave," Steve turned to Tanis.

"Okay," she replied. She looked at Amanda. "See you around."

"Alright," Amanda replied. She watched them walk out the door, a small smile playing on her lips.

Steve and Tanis walked back to Steve's car in comfortable silence. Steve spoke up, "Know what? Why don't we forget dinner with my dad, and go somewhere, just us?" he raised his eyebrows.

"I'd love to," she responded. "If," she held up a finger, "you'll let me pay."

Steve shook his head. "I don't think so. My treat."

"No way. You paid for lunch. It's my turn."

"I owed you a lunch."

She gave him a weird look. "Huh?"

"Remember, the Fallon case?" he grinned at her.

She rolled her eyes at him and sighed. "Okay. But next time, it's my turn." "Next time?" he questioned.

She looked at him exasperatedly. "Are we going or not?"

"Okay, okay. Why don't I bring you back to the station so you can get

your car, and I'll pick you up at around, say, 7:00?"

"That's great."

When they got back to the station, Steve glided his car into his spot. "By the way, where are you living?"

"Oh, yeah." Tanis grabbed her purse and fished around for a pen and paper. "In an apartment on Maple Street. Here." She handed him the piece of paper.

"Great! See you at seven!"

"You got it." She grinned as she climbed out of the car and shut the door behind her. Steve sat in the car a few minutes, daydreaming. After a few minutes he brought himself back to reality. After all he had to get some work done today.

6:15

Tanis stood in front of her closet, trying to decide what to wear. She'd gotten most of her clothes unpacked, but she still had no idea what to wear. And Steve hadn't said where they were going. She sighed. "Might as well dress up," she said aloud. "Better to be overdressed than underdressed." She finally decided on an outfit. But she still seemed to have butterflies in her stomach. What was wrong with her today? She'd been out to eat with Steve plenty of times before. She was being crazy. She put all of her concentration on getting ready.

The Beach House

Mark settled back in his recliner, a book in his hand. After searching each pocket for his glasses, he put them on and began reading. "Dad?" Steve's voice echoed through the quiet house.

"I'm in here Steve," Mark called back.

A few seconds later Steve appeared in the doorway. "Hey. I just wanted to let you know I won't be here for dinner."

"That's fine, son. Where are you going?"

"Out to dinner."

"By yourself?" Mark tried to make the question sound nonchalant, but Steve could tell he was dying to know.

Steve cleared his throat. "Uh, actually, with Tanis."

Mark's eyebrows shot up. "I thought she was in Colorado?"

"She was. Her dad died, so she's moving back up here."

"That's great son! Uh, that's she moving back, not that her dad died."

Steve didn't say anything, but Mark could tell he was happy by the way his eyes were glowing. "Well, I've got to get going. See you later, dad."

"Bye Steve. And tell Tanis 'hi and welcome back'," Mark called back.

"Will do!"

A little while later Steve stood at Tanis's door. He was trying to figure out why he felt so nervous. Tanis opened the door. "You're late," she complained, but she was smiling. He grinned at her, but had to keep himself from staring. She looked amazing. She was wearing a short black skirt with a dark blue blouse. Her hair was pulled back with a clip on each side. He raised his eyebrows. "You look nice."

"You don't look so bad yourself," she responded. That was an understatement. He had on slightly faded jeans, with a deep green button down shirt that made his eyes sparkle.

Steve cleared his throat. "Well? Ready to go?"

"Yup. By the way, where are we going?"

"You'll see," he smiled mysteriously.

About 20 minutes later, they pulled up to a relatively fancy restaurant. "Marcy's?" She questioned

"You'll like it. Come on."

Part 2 coming soon!

End
file.